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FOLK STORIES FROM THE NORTHERN SOLOMONS.

[*Read at a Meeting, 20th January, 1932.*]

114 The stories which form the subject of the present paper were collected between September 1929 and October 1930, while I was living among the natives of Buka and Bougainville, the two most northerly of the Solomon Islands.[1] The first three months were spent on the small island of Petats, off the west coast of Buka; the remaining nine on the north coast of Bougainville, mainly at a village called Kurtatchi, with excursions into the surrounding country as opportunity offered. In consequence of the work of the Methodist [117] Mission, the people of Petats have come to a considerable extent under White influence, but the village of Kurtatchi is still comparatively little affected by contact with the White Man. The examples here given are selected out of a large number, obtained chiefly in these two villages, but as I also took every opportunity of recording stories heard in the course of visits paid to other localities in company with my native friends, my collection is probably fairly representative of the tales told throughout Buka and the northern portion of Bougainville.

126 As a guarantee of good faith, I will first give some account of the circumstances under which the stories were obtained. After my evening meal, I used to hang up my hurricane lantern on that side of my verandah which served as my study. Very soon a little group of natives would gather

[122] [1] My work in the Solomon Islands was undertaken as part of a programme of field studies initiated by the Institute of Human Relations, University of Yale. My most grateful thanks are due to the Institute for the generous financial support accorded me. The University of Oxford granted me leave of absence from my Demonstratorship in order that I might take advantage of this opportunity.

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126 round it, and when I had settled myself with note-book and pen, one of them would begin a story, this would remind someone else of another, and so it would go on, almost without a pause, sometimes far into the night, till I broke up the session out of sheer sleepiness. Judicious supplies of tobacco and areca nut were circulated from time to time, but it is only fair to say that the tales were told out of real interest in the telling, and were appreciated by the natives as much as by myself. Everyone in the village, old and young, male and female, took part in these sessions at one time or another, and while I endeavoured to obtain stories as much as possible from the older people, I never turned away the younger ones, even the children, when they volunteered a story. The extent to which the younger generation took part in the story-telling, their sustained interest, and their accuracy in matters of detail, when verified by versions obtained on other occasions from older people, assured me that these tales do actually play a part in the life of the village, and are at present in no danger of being forgotten.

One customary rule affected the composition of my group of story-tellers and audience. The boys wearing the hat of palm leaves which indicates that they have not yet completed their puberty ceremonies, *i.e.* all the boys from the age of seven or eight up to the later teens, are by strict prohibition debarred from any but the most distant association with the women. The presence of any of these boys on my verandah prevented the women from being there. I was therefore obliged to set aside evenings on which boys were not permitted to take part in the proceedings, in order to give the women their turn. The older men, of course, attended on all occasions. I do not think there was any noticeable difference in the character of the stories told by the two groups. The women were hardly less eager to come forward as story-tellers than were the men, for though some of them made a pretence of bashfulness, they would generally yield to a little encouragement. An analysis of the

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contents of one of my note-books, picked at random, shows 126
that out of 49 stories, old or elderly men were responsible for 12, old or elderly women for 10, young men for 11, young women for 14, a boy and a girl for one each.

At the outset of my work I took down the stories in [198]
Pidgin English, with which many of the younger men were acquainted as they had worked as indentured labourers on coconut plantations. From these I chose, as carefully as I could, those who seemed best suited to act as interpreters for the older men, the stories being translated sentence by sentence.

The dialect spoken on the island of Petats has been re- 126
duced to writing by Rev. A. H. Cropp, who has for many 212
years been working on Buka as Methodist Missionary.[1] He 177
used our own alphabet, adapted by means of certain conventions to fit the sounds of the language. Some of the younger men have learnt to write under his tuition. One of these wrote out for me, in the Petats dialect, several stories as told by his father, an old man of considerable standing. Except for these, the stories I collected on Petats and Buka were all taken down in Pidgin English.

During my stay at Kurtatchi, however, I accustomed 126
myself to the use of the native dialect, on which no previous work has been done. I employed a simplified form of the International Phonetic System, but without attempting to record the finer shades of pronunciation, in which there is considerable individual variation. The natives soon learnt to talk slowly enough for me to write from their dictation, and at the end of a story I read out what I had written to the assembled company, who were not slow to correct me when I made a mistake. Then, or subsequently, I went over the text again, sentence by sentence, with one of the natives who spoke good Pidgin English, writing down the Pidgin

[1] Mr. Cropp very kindly allowed me to make use of his MS. dictionary and grammatical notes on the Petats dialect, which have been of great assistance to me.

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126 English translation between the lines of dialect, and adding notes in explanation of anything that was obscure. I thus have a large collection of texts in the dialect spoken at Kurtatchi, which proved of the greatest service to me in studying the language for practical use in the field, and could, if required, be utilised for comparative purposes. I [197] am not concerned with linguistic problems in the present paper, but I may perhaps mention that while the vocabulary of the Kurtatchi dialect differs widely from that of Petats, there are certain similarities of construction, both being of Melanesian stock. Unfortunately, every small group of villages has a dialect of its own, so that whenever I worked outside the immediate vicinity of my own village I was obliged to have recourse to Pidgin English again.

128 I have endeavoured to make the translation as literal as 198 possible, even to the point of crudeness, whether I have translated from the native dialect or from Pidgin English. Perhaps it is worth while to point out that Pidgin English, as used in that portion of the South Sea Islands with which I am acquainted, makes frequent use of constructions based on those of native speech, and is capable, within certain limitations, of representing the original with reasonable accuracy both as to form and spirit. It is therefore a not altogether inefficient medium in which to work. The style of the stories differs somewhat with different narrators, some joining their sentences more freely than others, and some showing great fondness for the repetition of long or short passages, a device common to tellers of folk-tales among all peoples.

121 There can be no question that the collecting of such stories is a very valuable tool in the hands of the field worker. Apart from the interest shown by the natives in the telling of them, and their value as linguistic material, the subject matter often suggested to me lines of enquiry which, when followed up, either at the conclusion of the story or at a more convenient season, as circumstances

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directed, many times brought to light beliefs and customs of which I might otherwise have remained in ignorance. Experience convinces me, furthermore, of the truth of the contention put forward by Dr. Haddon in his introduction to the stories collected by him in Torres Straits,[3] that such tales may be regarded as trustworthy documents, and may be "drawn upon as evidence for the occurrence of certain customs and beliefs." "No one," he says, "who has had experience in this class of evidence will deny scientific value to most of the incidents of these tales because of the miraculous that is interwoven with them." His comment upon the Torres Straits stories is equally applicable to those of Buka and Bougainville. As Malinowski has demonstrated, such stories richly repay analysis from the psychological standpoint also. In the present paper, however, I propose to confine myself to a presentation of my material.

As to the age of these stories, I can offer no conjecture. The great majority belong to the category called by the natives "*wasisio wa kana*", "story belong before", and doubtless stretch far back into a past in which there is no history and no outstanding incidents which would serve as landmarks, such as those provided by the voyages of the canoes amongst the Maori. Some of them tell of such ordinary incidents as might have happened to any native at any time, but from the manner of their telling, and from the fact that the same trivial happening will occur in stories told in different dialects collected in villages considerable distances apart, it would appear that these also are traditional. Some stories are brought within recent days by statements that the son or grandson of the man to whom the tale refers is still living at a certain village, or that So-and-so is a relative of his. A very few relate to the coming of the white man, or to objects introduced by him, but the vast majority deal only with native culture. For example,

[3] *Reports of the Cambridge Anthropological Expedition to Torres Straits* (Cambridge, 1904), vol. v., p. 10.

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538 while the practice of areca nut chewing occurs in almost all of them, there is no mention of tobacco, now the invariable and constant concomitant of a native's day.

128 I have arranged my stories rather roughly into ten 538 classes according to the main subject dealt with. In common with all folk-tales, one story will frequently combine several motifs, and consequently might equally well be put under any one of two or more headings, but the general trend is, as a rule, fairly clear. Some tales proved, on comparing different versions, to be portions of longer narratives, and it is only too likely that many others are actually incomplete. Where I have several versions of the same story, I have given what seems to be the most complete and coherent, but in no case have I pieced out a tale told by one person with material from a version given by another.

The titles of the tales have been arbitrarily given by myself, merely for convenience of reference. The tellers always plunged into the story without preamble. There is no conventional beginning, corresponding to " Once upon a time ". The conventional ending for all tales is " Kapa " in the Petats dialect and " Mikin " in the Kurtatchi dialect. This simply means " Finished ". Sometimes it will be " Mikin ge ? " which might be translated " That's all, isn't it ? "—a kind of appeal to the audience as to whether the story has been told correctly.

128 I have chosen a typical story to illustrate each of my ten classes. Possibly the first three might have been thrown together.

Class I. Culture-Hero Stories.

538 Probably the most interesting, from the ethnological 773 standpoint are those stories which deal with the doings of culture-heroes, from whom the people consider themselves to be descended and to have derived their clan or other divisions, and other essential features of their culture. There are several tales of this type in my collection, gathered

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from different parts of the area studied. Of these the one which follows appears to be the most wide-spread. 538 773

The Old Woman and her Two Sons.

There was a big man whose name was Monohan. The whole country was afraid of him, because he killed people all the time. So they all ran away. Only one old woman whose name was Toboan[4], was left behind. All the people got their canoes, they ran away from Monohan. All the canoes went away. The old woman looked at one of the canoes and said: "Come and fetch my basket and put it in the canoe." Then one man said: "Oh, by and bye you can go in a canoe that is behind. There are plenty coming yet." Another canoe came up. (The preceding conversation is repeated several times.) Now all the canoes had gone. The old woman said: "Never mind, I will stay here all alone. You have all run away and left me." So she stayed there all alone, she had no one to keep her company, they had all run away because they were afraid. They stayed in another place. 539 773

The old woman thought to herself: "There is no man here to be a husband to me, I would like to make myself a son." So she took a banana, the kind that is called *sorokun* and cooked it over the fire, then she took another and cooked it also. Then she took the bananas and copulated with them. She was with child. Presently the children of the bananas were born, two boys, both born at the same time. She called them Tchikenau and Bakiano.

While the children were still small she made bows and arrows for them, and said to them: "You try them." So the two pulled at them and broke them. Then she taught them how to fight, so that by and bye they could fight the big man. She said: "You are not big enough yet." She waited till they were bigger, she gave them more bows and arrows. The two pulled at them and broke them. Then

[4] *Toboan* means "a toothless old crone."

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539 773 their mother made them big bows and arrows. They shot at a *hil* (a kind of wild areca palm which has a very hard trunk). They made a mark on it, now all the *hil* trees have this mark on them. She said: If you can break that, you can shoot the man everybody is afraid of." They shot again, they broke it. The old woman said: "All right, enough now, you are strong now, now you can kill this man that everybody was afraid of before, and ran away from."

Then the old woman climbed up to the top of a tree, she put medicine on the tree, she wanted it to be very strong. It was a *siwa* tree, the kind to make canoes out of. She told the two children to stand at the foot of two trees. Then she called out, from the top of the tree, "Monohan, come here. Come and eat the old woman's excrement." [5] She wanted to make him angry so that he would come and fight. Now a little bird heard what she said, it went and told Monohan: "Oh Monohan, this old woman says you are to come and eat her excrement." Monohan said: "You are making fun of me." The bird said: "No, that is what I heard her say." (This conversation was repeated several times.) Then Monohan was very angry. He took some earth and poured it out at the foot of a tree. The old woman called out again. The bird told Monohan what she had said. Then Monohan said: "Yes, I heard it." He was very angry. He took some earth and rubbed it on the bird's body. Then he went to fight. He came up. He kicked the trees. He started kicking trees a long way off. The old woman called out, and called out. Monohan kicked a tree, it fell down. The woman called out. Monohan kicked a tree, it fell down. (This is repeated several times.) All the trees were finished. Only the one where the old woman was remained. The two children hid. They wanted to shoot Monohan. The old woman teased Monohan, she called out: "Kick down all the trees." Then

[5] This is a well recognised form of insult, which is still used.

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Monohan saw the tree in which the old woman was. He tried to kick it down, but he could not, he fell down himself. The tree remained. He kicked it again, he fell down again, the tree remained. He kicked it again, he fell down again, the tree remained. The two children of the old woman stood up together, they both shot him at once. They shot and shot and shot. Then Monohan died.

Then the mother of the two boys came down, she cried and cried, she thought her two children were gone. "You two, where are you?" The two children stayed quiet, they did not say anything. Then the old woman cried: "I think the big man has taken my children, my children did not win." The old woman came down to the ground. Monohan was lying dead. Then the old woman said: "You killed my two fine children." Then the two children came out, and said: "Yes, we are strong, we killed him, he is quite dead." "Oh, you fine fellows! This is the man who killed all the people before. Now my children have served him out to-day." She said to Monohan: "There, serve you right."

Then they tied him up, and cut down a tree for a pole (to carry him on, as they do pigs, with the pole thrust between their tied legs). They put him on the pole, the tree broke. They cut another, and put it ready to carry him, it broke. They cut a lot of trees, they all broke. They did not know how to carry him. Then they heard some small thing talking to them, it said: "Ding, ding, ding, ding." The old woman heard it, she took a shell-knife and cut the little insect (*gorugot*) that was talking, she cut its neck. Then she thought: "Oh, I think it was telling us to take *dindin*." (A wild fern, whose stem is not very tough.) Then they tried *dindin* and it was strong enough. Then the old woman took some leaves, and made them hot over the fire, and put them on the wound she had made in the insect. It did not die. There are plenty here, they have a mark where the old woman cut.

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539 773 Then they lifted up Monohan and came home. They beat the slit-gong. Two young girls heard the slit-gong, they came up, they asked the old woman: "Who is that beating [534] the slit-gong? We know you have no men here." (Beating the slit-gong is the men's prerogative.) The old woman said: "You think I have got a man here, do you?" "Someone is beating the slit-gong at your place." "No, I think it is another place." She had hidden her children. So the two girls went away. The slit-gong sounded again. The two girls came back. "Old woman, you are hiding some man you have got here." The old woman said: "No, all the men ran away." Then the two girls pretended to go away, they hid close by. Then the slit-gong sounded again. The two girls ran back again, and said: "Old woman, we did really hear your slit-gong, you must have a man here." "No, I haven't. I am ill." She had tied a string round her [757] leg to fool them. (When the natives are in pain, they tie a piece of fibre string very tightly round the affected part.) "Can't you see that I am very ill?" One of the girls had a child with her, the child dropped a shell-knife. Now the [415] two brothers were hiding behind a *baran* (large wooden tray on which is pounded the taro for making ceremonial pudding). Their mother tried to catch the shell-knife, she threw over the *baran*. The girls saw the old woman's two children, they cried out: "Oh! the old woman was hiding two fine fellows!" Then one of the girls pulled one of the brothers to her, and the other girl pulled the other brother. So they were married.

Then the two brothers took the two girls and they went and cut up Monohan. Then they cooked him, and put him on the food-platform. Then they killed a lot of pigs, to make a big feast to eat with the man. Then they sent word to the people from every place to come, they had a big feast, a man and some pigs. The old woman sent word to all the men who had run away before: "I called out to you before, and you would not come back, now you must come

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back and help in my singsing." Now the old woman and her two sons made a long platform and piled it up with food, and all the people who had run away before came and feasted, and made a singsing.

Then the old woman decorated her two sons, and painted their faces well, and put ornaments on them, and made them sit down on the top of the food platform. Then all the people came and looked at her children, whom she had conceived of the bananas, and they made a great singsing at the old woman's place. It began in the afternoon, and went on till dawn broke the next day. Then the singsing ended, then they all ate. Then the old woman said: "Before, I ate all alone. Now you are eating the man you were all afraid of." Then they stayed awhile with the old woman, and made a big house for her. "You have found two fine children, they are very strong, now you have killed the man we were all afraid of before." They finished now, they looked at the house. They were ashamed because the old woman had made such a big feast for them. "That is a big feast you made."

The old woman's children went into the bush, Tchikenau and Bakiano. They both had wives now. They strolled in the bush. They found a tree which had red fruit (*wermina*). The two brothers climbed up it, and the two girls stayed down below. They found some dry coconuts for making lime pots, they put good marks on them, and laid them on the ground. The boys threw down the fruit, and one big one fell on the girls' lime pots and broke them. The two girls cried: "Our lime pots are broken, what are we to do?" The two brothers said: "Oh, we are ashamed, we can't come down now, we shall stay up here." Then they were no longer men, they were birds. The two girls said: "Oh, come down! You are our husbands, you must not leave us." But the brothers said: "No, we are birds now, we cannot come down."

When the old woman knew that her sons had changed

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539 773 into birds, she turned herself into a *kumina* (white ant) and was not a woman any more, and her children were birds.

The story is finished.

[115] This story is here given as told to me by Sonokum, a leading man of the village of Kohiso in the hill district of central Buka. It is the most detailed of several variants obtained by me, but it does not state, as do some of the others, that the people are descended from the two sons of the old woman. It is the only one which gives the transformation of the boys into birds. The [616] two divisions of the Buka people are called Manu (Eagle) and Kekeleo (Fowl), but no statement was made connecting these with the birds of the story.

539 171 439 773 The people of Nissan, an island between Buka and New Ireland, say that the story originally belonged to them, and that the identical tree in which the old woman hid is still to be seen on the island, and also the bones of Monohan. They add that as the bones lay on the ground a little snake ate some of them, and he turned into a pig, and was the origin of all the pigs on Nissan, from whence they were sent to all the other islands. Nissan is famous for its pigs, and the natives of Buka go over in canoes—little short of a hundred miles of open and stormy sea—to buy them.

539 773 171 In a version from Petats, the monster who ravaged the land is represented as a very large and fierce pig called Burtcheni. This is so also in a version from the neighbouring island of Pororan, given to me by Mr. Gordon Thomas. As told on Bougainville, the place of the pig is taken by a being described as an *urar* (a word usually meaning the spirit of a dead person) called Towaniwa in the version current at Kurtatchi (where it is spoken of as female), and Burau in that from Ruri, a neighbouring village speaking a different dialect. In both of these versions the two sons are called Mator (Matan), *i.e.* Right-handed, and Kiruk (Keruka), *i.e.* Left-handed. Unfortunately I omitted to ascertain the meaning of the names Tchikenau and Bakiano in the Kohiso version.

In the Kurtatchi version, after the monster is killed, the old woman takes out his bladder and sets it adrift in the sea, telling

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it to go to Tchiraun (Green Island). On its arrival there it is recognised as the bladder of Towaniwa, and the people put to sea to find out who killed her. In the Ruri version it is the blood of the ogre that is so used. This feature is noteworthy in view of the parallels cited below.

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Variants of this story, often accompanied by a cycle of other narratives dealing with various exploits of the two brothers, appear to be wide-spread throughout the Melanesian area, from New Guinea to the New Hebrides. The following are known to me, doubtless there are others. (The numbers refer to the references given with the map.)

1. From the Southern Massim, Wamira, Goodenough Bay, New Guinea. Here there is only one son, who kills an enormous pig before whom all the people except his mother had fled. Some bristles from his body are put on a raft and sent out as a token that the pig is dead, on seeing which all the people return.

2. From the D'Entrecasteaux Islands. Here the brothers are named Tomweinagona (elder son) and Kwamanea (younger son). The monster is represented as a white osprey. The boys take out its heart and give it to the people to eat, telling them that it came from the bird that had devoured their fathers.

3. From the Trobriands (Tudava). Here again there is only one son, who kills the "dreadful ogre" Dokonikan, and subsequently takes his head hidden in a taro pudding, to his mother's brother who had deserted his mother through fear of the ogre. This version differs in several respects from the others, but the resemblances seem sufficient to justify its inclusion in the present list.

4. From the Gazelle Peninsula, New Britain. Here the old woman, left behind when the rest of the people flee before the ravages of a wild pig, gives herself a wound first in her right arm, and then in her left. From the blood of her right arm arose the right-handed brother, To Kabinana, from the blood of her left arm, the left-handed brother To Karvuvu. To Kabinana is represented as the wise brother who makes plans, which the foolish brother, To Karvuvu, frustrates by his stupidity. No such distinction is indicated in the variants obtained by me.

9. From Tanna, Southern New Hebrides. Here the monster

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539 773 171 is called Semsem, and is described as a " devil " who devoured all the people of Tanna except one old woman. Her twin sons, who afterwards destroyed Semsem, were conceived of a stone which she ate.

539 773 171 114 *Note.*—The references here given are confined to works which contain a recognisable variant of the " Two Brothers " story as told on the island of Buka. The wider issue of the " cult of the Brethren " throughout Oceania is dealt with in detail by Dr. Haddon in the forthcoming final volume of his Report on the Torres Straits Expedition. I am much indebted to Dr. Haddon for permitting me to become acquainted with his discussion of the subject in MS., and also for his kindness in reading the MS. of the present paper. In connection with the story as here given he makes the following comment (in a letter from which I quote with his permission) : " The relation between the " two brothers " and the Oceanic Brethren (Qat-Tangaloa, etc.) is obscure, though doubtless there is some connection. It seems evident that some syncretism has taken place. We have to take into account the original Papuan stratum in Melanesia and various successive waves of culture from Indonesia, of which the betel users were probably one of the last spreads. I do not see how we can with our present knowledge differentiate between the tales and cults of these various layers."

Class II. Culture Origin Stories.

538 773 Under this heading I have included stories purporting to explain certain practices or customs of the people. Usually, though not always, the originators of these are nameless, differing in this respect from the culture heroes of Class I. Among my collection are stories illustrating the origin of fire, of canoe-making, of eating pig, of various musical instruments, and many others. The following will serve to illustrate this category.

How People Learnt to Eat Human Flesh.

539 773 Tchinaleke sent away her son-in-law and his wife, she said : " You go and work in the taro garden, I will look after

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the house. When you want to come back, beat on the root of a tree and I shall hear you and put on my *takop*." (The *takop* is the hood worn by the women in accordance with the rule of avoidance which forbids them to see or be seen by their sons-in-law.) 539 773 [291 606]

Then she took a knife and cut a piece of her flesh and cooked it. Then she chewed areca nut and spat the juice about. When her son-in-law and his wife came back she fooled them. They asked: "Who has been chewing areca nut here?" She said: "Some people who came to bring us a pig." She gave the two of them pieces of meat. The couple ate the flesh of their relative.

They went again to work, the two of them. They talked to their child, they made him lie down in the roof under a food-basket. Tchinaleke took off her *takop*, and the child saw her bones and her flesh. He was afraid, and he urinated. It dripped down and wetted Tchinaleke's bones. She thought it was water, that the others had hidden. Her flesh gave her pain. Then the child cried out, from his place in the rafters, he was afraid of Tchinaleke, she was like a skeleton.

The man and his wife came back, they asked the child: "Didn't you see them? Didn't you see the people who brought a pig to-day?" The child said to them: "There isn't any pig. Tchinaleke is fooling you both. She cuts her flesh and cooks it, and makes you think it is pig. You are eating the flesh of Tchinaleke." Then they said to Tchinaleke: "You have been fooling us about your flesh." Tchinaleke was very angry, she chased them away, they ran away. Tchinaleke wanted to beat them. They ran away, they climbed up a *tchiniv* (tall slender tree used for making dug-out canoes, the word is also used for "canoe"). Tchinaleke went to climb up behind them, she wanted to beat them. They teased her, they said: "You climb up a *karao*." (A plant of the ficus tribe, which has runners dropping straight to the ground from the branches of trees.) [501 824]

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539 773 Tchinaleke climbed up a *karao* close to the couple, and they took an axe and cut the *karao* right through, and she fell down, and her bones were broken. The man and his wife went up into the sky. Tchinaleke lies at Lonahan, she is a stone now, she is there always.

[266] Now all the people eat man, if they go to fight and kill some people, they eat them. But they do not eat their kinsmen.

[115] This story was told to me by Pinari, the old chief of Kurtatchi. I have an almost identical version from Sakwon, an old man of Pororan, besides several fragmentary versions. There is also another, quite different, story purporting to account for the eating of human flesh. The incident of people going up into the sky occurs in several stories.

[823] There is a rock at Lonahan, on the east coast of Buka, called Tchinaleke, which the natives say is her body turned to stone. It has a rough resemblance to a limbless figure lying with its head turned sideways. It is a natural formation, but there is a [324] stone pillar of human workmanship at the foot of a *tchiniv* tree at the top of the cliff just above. Pinari said this was Tchinaleke, but the local natives took me to the rock previously mentioned as the authentic Tchinaleke.

G. Camden Wheeler gives a version of this story (*Mono-Alu Folk-Lore*, No. 45) but no connection is indicated with the practice of eating human flesh, neither is the woman turned into stone.

Class III. Natural History Stories.

538 821 In this category I have placed stories accounting for natural phenomena, the moon and stars, the contours of the land, the presence of certain curiously shaped rocks, of caves, reefs, whirlpools, etc. Perhaps the following is one of the most interesting.

How the Moon got into the Sky.

539 821 The people went to the taro gardens. One woman was lazy, she stayed in the village doing nothing. Her husband

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was angry about the work. He came back to the village, he asked her: "What is the matter with you, woman? Are you sick, that you are so lazy about going to the taro garden? The taro stalks have all gone bad, there is no woman to plant them." 539 821

Night came, the man slept. The woman went at night, she took the moon and put it on the root of a tree. The moon shone. The woman worked, she planted the taro stalks. She finished planting them all. She weeded the taro. She went back. She took the moon and covered it up with leaves, and hid it in the bush. She pretended to go to sleep.

Dawn came again. The man said to her: "You and I will go to the taro garden." She idled again, she pretended to be sick. The man went alone. He went to look for the taro stalks. He saw the taro stalks that the woman had planted. He went back, he asked his wife: "Who has planted our taro stalks?" The woman said: "Oh, I don't know, I am sick."

Then she went again, and the man went quietly behind her. The woman took the moon again and put it on the root of a tree. The man came up quietly and saw it, he saw the woman working by the light of the moon. He came up and held her fast: "You and I are glad about the moon, our thing, belonging to us two, our good thing, don't tell anybody." Then the woman was angry, she took a knife and cut the moon in pieces. She threw it away, it went up on top into the sky. "You go, moon, by and bye you be cold at night up there. These pieces are stars, this piece is the sun by day, by and bye it will be hot and will make the bush dry."

[115]

This version was given to me by Pinari's son, Wasei, who said he learnt it from his father. I have also a version, from Petats, written down in the Petats dialect by Jilohin, from his father, Gerau, and another, slightly different, from Kohiso, hill village of Buka. None of the other versions mentions the stars or the 539 821 171

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539 sun, and there is no other story connected with the sun in my
821 collection. Mr. A. M. Hocart tells me, in conversation, that
171 stories connected with the sun are rare in his experience of Melanesia. Thurnwald[6] offers the following explanation: "Man beschäftigt sich, wie diese Sagen zeigen, sehr viel mit dem Mond, den man fürchtet, der sich immer *verändert*, aber verhältnismässig nur sehr wenig mit der durch ihr Licht *sichernd* wirkenden Sonne."

Class. IV. Real-Life Stories.

538 The tales in this class are sometimes about certain individuals, but more often about men, women and children who remain nameless. They consist of incidents of everyday life, hunting, fishing and domestic scenes, such as might happen to any native at any time. Perhaps we might compare them to that class of reading matter among ourselves known as "magazine stories". They are full of details the understanding of which requires a somewhat intimate knowledge of native customs and conditions, but with the appropriate explanations they have much light to throw upon the reactions of the natives to certain situations, their relations with each other, and many other aspects of their lives. Some of these tales are obviously
[522] intended to be comic, a favourite subject being the trickster who is himself tricked. The following brief tale will serve as well as any other to illustrate this class which is a very large one.

Revenge for a Poor Feast.

Told by Koawu, old man of Kurtatchi.

539 The people went fishing, they took nets, they took nets to catch *bari* (a small reef fish.) They went fishing on the reef, and one man caught one *bari*. Then they sent a message to another village to come and eat, and all the people came, they came to eat, they all looked about in

[6] R. Thurnwald, *Forschungen auf den Salomo-Inseln und dem Bismarck Archipel*, vol. i., p. 336.

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vain for more *bari*, they were angry with the people, they 539
said: "There is no fish here, we have looked in vain for fish, there is no fish." They all went back to their own village.

They prepared a return feast, they killed one 'possum. They sent a message to the other village, they should all come and eat the return feast. They all went, they ate, they looked in vain for *kokoin* (pudding made of pounded [262]
taro and coconut oil) and 'possums, they were angry, they said: "Where is the food?" They (the other people) said: "We are returning the feast you gave. You did not give us plenty to eat, we are returning it. We have made a feast with one 'possum, that's all, it's quite enough for you."

Class V. Animal Stories.

These comprise a type of story common to the folk-tales 538
of all peoples, in which animals, birds and fishes are represented as talking and behaving like human beings, as happens in so many of our own fairy stories. They differ from fables in that they are not supposed to point a moral. Many of them explain the origin of the peculiarities of certain beasts, are, in fact, "Just-so Stories".

The Iguana and the Bush-fowl.

Two friends, a bush-fowl (Kolong) and an iguana (Bas) 539
thought they would like to make a feast, when the almonds were ripe. They went to the bush. Bas said: "Kolong, let us get some almonds." Kolong said: "All right, let's go now." So they found an almond tree, and Bas said: "You go up first." So Kolong went up the tree. He came back and said: "I can't go up, I am not heavy enough." So Bas went up and threw down almonds, till Kolong said there were enough. Then they went home, and got their stone pestle and wooden tray (on which the nuts are pounded). Kolong said to Bas: "You peel some taro while I pound the almonds." So they did, and made *kokoin*

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539 (pudding made of pounded taro seasoned with almonds or coconuts). Bas said: "Go and get the cooking pot and put it on the fire." Then Bas fetched water, and they both cooked the food. Then they said: "We are hot now with all this cooking, let's go and bathe." (The Pororan version has it that they decided to go and look for green snails to eat with the *kokoin*.)

So they went to the shore. As they went along the road they played with each other. They said: "There will be something so good ready for us to eat when we get back." So they came to the shore, and went in to bathe. Then Kolong began to swim, and called out to Bas: "Look at me, I am going to swim." "All right, I'm looking." So he swam under water, but he came up close to the place he started from, he did not know how to swim under water. So Bas said: "You were not under water at all. I saw your feathers all the time. Now you look at me." So Bas went under, and swam and swam and swam, and went past a little point so that he was hidden from Kolong, then he went up softly among the mangroves, and went into the bush. (Iguanas can swim well.) Kolong waited and waited and waited, but Bas did not come.

Now Bas went to the house and took the pot off the fire and ate up all the *kokoin*. Then he put the pot back on the fire and covered it up with leaves again and made the fire good. Then he went back to the sea and swam back to the place where Kolong was. Kolong said: "Oh, what a long time you've been, my friend, you *are* a good swimmer. I'm hungry. Let's go back and eat our *kokoin*." So they went back, and went in, and Bas took off the leaves that covered the pot, and looked inside it and called out: "Oh! Oh! It's empty! Who has eaten all our food? All our work for nothing! Let's go and look for this fellow and eat him up!" So they went to bed hungry.

Next day they got up and went to look for almonds to make some more *kokoin*, and when they went out, Kolong

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saw the footprints Bas had made the day before, going 539
towards the house. He thought to himself: "Aha, now I know who it was that ate our *kokoin*. I thought Bas was a long time away, now here are his footprints."

They went back to the bush, Bas went up the almond tree and threw down the nuts. Presently he called out: "Is that enough?" "Yes, that's enough, come down." So Bas came down from the tree, and they both picked up all the almonds and went home and made some more *kokoin*. Then they said they would go and bathe, as they did before. Then Kolong said: "You go on first, I will make up the fire." So Bas went on, and Kolong took a piece of rope and made a noose and hung it in the doorway. Then he went down to the shore. Then Bas said: "Go on, you swim first." So Kolong went under, but he soon came up again. "Oh, I have come up, I can't swim far." Bas said: "No, you can't swim, you look at me. Look at that little cloud over there, you keep your eyes on that cloud, by and bye you will see me come up there." So Bas went off, and went back to the house, and Kolong waited and waited and waited.

Now Bas came to the house, and tried to go inside, but his head caught in the noose, the rope tightened round his neck and held him fast. He wriggled and wriggled and wriggled, but he could not work himself loose. So Kolong came up: "Ah! a prisoner! I think he is finished this time." He called out to Bas: "Hullo, friend! Where are you going?" Bas heard him, he lay quiet. Kolong came up now, and Bas cried out: "Oh! friend, let me out!" "Oh, it's you, is it? You were the one who ate up all our *kokoin*! No, I can't let you free." Then Kolong ate up all the *kokoin* and threw the leaves at Bas (*i.e.* the leaves that had been used to cover up the *kokoin* while it was cooking.). "Oh, friend, aren't you just a little bit sorry for me?" "No, you weren't sorry for me before, I am not sorry for you now." Then Kolong took the hot water and threw it

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539 over Bas, and scalded his skin, so that it came up in blisters. That is why the iguana has a rough skin like a crocodile. Bas wriggled and wriggled, and at last he broke the rope and ran away into the bush.

Ever since then, every time an iguana finds the bush fowl's eggs he eats them, and if he finds little chickens he eats them too, but he can't catch the fowls themselves because they fly up into the trees and get away from him.

[115] 539 171 The version was given to me in Pidgin English by Jiapin, a young man of Petats. I have another, rather less detailed, from Sakwan of Pororan, and others from Kurtatchi.

A similar incident is given by Seligman in his story of "The Lizard and the Bird" (*Melanesians of British New Guinea*, p. 411) from the Southern Massim, Wamira, Goodenough Bay. In this case the story ends by the bird eating the lizard, and nothing is said about the lizard's skin.

Class VI. Animal Association Stories.

538 825 With reference to the human behaviour of the animals in stories of the preceding class, it seems pretty clear that the natives look on it in much the same light as we regard, let us say, the behaviour of "The Three Bears". But there is a variety of animal stories behind which lies much more than this. In addition to their clan totems, these natives recognise a personal association with certain creatures, by means of which some, but by no means all, persons exercise a measure of control over the creature thus connected with them, and may command it to do their bidding, or call upon it to refrain from injuring them or their friends. The conception is similar, I think, to that described by Ivens [1] as existing in the S.E. Solomons between a man and his "familiar". To go into this subject in detail would take us beyond the bounds of folk-lore, but the stories which

[1] W. G. Ivens, *Melanesians of the South-East Solomon Islands*, (London, 1927), pp. 238 ff.

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follow will serve to illustrate the relationship referred to, as it is conceived by the natives of North Bougainville. 538 825

The Shark-child.

A man had connection with his wife. She was a young woman. She became pregnant. He thought she was carrying a child. Her time drew near. The child was born. She did not bear a real child, she bore a shark. It was born. The woman's mother thought she had borne a human child. She wanted to see it. She saw it, it was a shark. "What is that you have borne? It is a shark, belonging to the salt-water." They went and fetched some sea water, they poured it into a *kobu* (receptacle made of the fibrous sheath of the areca palm, much used by the natives for carrying and other purposes). They took the woman's shark-child, they put him inside. He stood up in the water. He stayed in the water, he grew big in the water. All the people did not know about him, only the woman's kinsfolk knew. Now he grew big. They made a feast for him. The woman's kinsfolk showed him to all the people. Some of the women said: "Let us go and look at the woman's child." They all said: "He isn't a real child, the woman has borne a shark." They all went and made him stand up at the bottom of a river. He stayed there, he did not leave the river. He made himself a house on the sand. When they made a feast, they took a piece of pig, they went and called out for the shark, and gave him the piece of pig. They cut the shark's skin. They made him stand up again. 539 825 [415 482]

The teller here explained that they cut a pattern on the shark's skin just like the pattern cut on his own chest. (These natives cut elaborate patterns on various parts of their bodies, rubbing lime into them so that the scars remain permanently.) He said that his own shark was called Muwatskawits, it lived at Timputs, his *tubune* bore it a long time ago. The term *tubune* is used for an ancestor, of [304]

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539 either sex, further back than, and including, a grandparent.
825 Then he told the following story.

Muwatskawits and his kinsman.

[252 227] All the men went to catch *inang* (very small fish, which are boiled to make a kind of soup) with *auna* (nets having a specially fine mesh). They caught *inang*. Muwatskawits came close up to their legs all the time. My grandfather (*tubune*) Tchiabuin was angry with him. "Don't come up all the time round our legs. You must not bite the legs of all these men." Muwatskawits came up underneath Tchiabuin between his legs, and picked him up. He did not eat him, he played with him, he carried him without hurting him. He went inside his hole. He went, he talked, and said: "You look at my bed, I want to show you my place." He called out to all his children: "You fellows come up, so that my kinsman can see all my children." He showed him everything, then he brought him back to the shore just opposite the place where our people are buried. He (*i.e.* Tchiabuin) went ashore. He said: "Muwatskawits caught me in the water, he showed me his house, and his bed, and all his children." They all made a feast for him, they caught a pig, they washed my grandfather's skin, all [184] the women got salt-water and poured it over his legs. (This is the custom when anyone returns safely from a long journey.) The shark came up, he went and lay on the sand. My grandfather ran with a piece of the pig and gave it to him.

Now if a shark from another place wants to eat us, Muwatskawits chases him and kills him, so that he dies. "You must not eat my children. I don't want you to come here. If you don't go back I shall kill you."

[115] These stories were told me by Togen, a middle-aged man living at Kurtatchi but originally from Timputs, a village some twenty-five miles further along the coast in an easterly direction.

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In view of the anthropological importance of this connection between men and animals, I will add another illustration, this time dealing with a snake. 539 825

The Snakes and their Victim.

The men went to dam the river (in order to fish). One man asked them: "Where are you going?" The men said: "We are going to dam the river. What about you, are you going to stay here? "No, I will go with you. You wait for me, I will go and get my net." They all went. One man went and hung up all his taro on the branch of a tree. They all made a dam across the river. The river dried up. They all took their nets and caught all the fish. They finished catching fish. They said they would go back to the village. The man thought he would go and get his taro. He looked for it, it was all gone. He thought the other men had eaten it. He called the men in vain, they had not eaten it. A spirit had eaten it, the spirit belonging to this river.[8] The name of the river is Tikiwir, (it is near Timputs). He asked all the men, they said: "No, we did not eat your taro. You be careful to ask all the men." He asked all the men. All the men said together: "No, we did not eat it." All the men went to the village. The man took all his fish, he gave it to his brother, he said to him: "Brother, give all my fish to my wife, go fast to the village." They all went to the village. This man did not go. He did not stay for nothing, the spirit held him fast.

He talked to his brother: "You go first, I will get some areca nut for us both." Then he went, he climbed up an areca palm belonging to the spirit. He climbed, he wanted to get some areca nut. The spirit went up behind him, up

[8] I have this story in Pidgin English only, so I cannot give the native word here translated "spirit". The Pidgin English word used is "*masalai*" which usually means a super-natural being other than a spirit of a dead person, the Pidgin English word for which is generally *tamboran*. But sometimes the two seem to be used interchangeably. [198]

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539 825 the areca palm. The spirit was in the form of a snake. One man said to him: "Here, look, come down." The man looked, he started to come down, he saw the snake coming up behind him. The snake had two heads. The man was frightened. "How am I to come down? I think this thing will kill me." He thought it was just one snake that was coming up behind him, he did not know there were a lot of snakes at the root of the tree. He said: "I think I shall jump. Where is there a good place for me to jump down?', He looked about to find a clear place. The spirit-snake had long hair, just like a boy with an *upi*.[9] The man jumped down in the midst of all the snakes. All the snakes went inside the man. The man died.

All the men waited a long time for the man to come to the village, his wife, his father, his mother, his brother. They said: "He went to get areca nut, where has he stuck?" They all made torches (of dry coconut palm leaves) because it was quite dark. They left off sleeping, they went to look for him in the bush. They looked and looked, no man. They came back, they slept. Dawn came. They went back to look for him by daylight. They did not stop to eat. They found him, all the snakes were still inside him. His skin was full of them. Then they all ran away.

They went and talked to a man who was kin to this spirit. They got some *imun* (ceremonial currency consisting of flying-fox or porpoise teeth strung on native string). They gave it to this man who was kin to the spirit. They all went. The snake-man talked to all the snakes: "Why are you doing harm to your brother here?" He deceived the spirit-snakes, the man was not really their brother, he was another kind of man. "You fellows clear out." Then all the snakes went away from the man. The man's father asked the man who was kin to the spirit: "Will he be all

[98] [9] The boys wearing the *upi*, or hat showing that they have not completed their puberty ceremonies, are not allowed to cut their hair, which grows very long, and is worn pushed up inside the hat.

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right presently?" Now all the snakes went away, the man was all right again. His father was very happy: "My child is all right again now." His father and his kinsmen caught a pig and gave it to the man who was kin to the snake-spirit.

This story was told by Tchiniv, an elderly woman of Ruri, the next village to Kurtatchi, about four miles to the east, but having a different dialect.

Class VII. Transformation Stories.

In yet a third kind of story involving animals, a human being changes himself into some creature, and sometimes back again, usually out of pique, or in revenge for a supposed injury. I cannot call to mind any in which the transformation is effected by somebody else, as occurs in the Arabian Nights stories. Some of the tales in this class may possibly be origin stories representing the first appearance of the creature involved, but as the teller did not say so I have classified them separately. They do not appear to have any totemic significance.

Woman into Fish.

Two women were fighting. One woman was fighting with her sister. One of the women said: "What are you beating me for?" The other woman said: "All right! You just wait till my husband comes." Her husband came now. He asked: "What are you doing to my wife?" The woman's sister said: "Oh! I am cross with her, she won't be kind to me, she is cross with me all the time." The man's wife said: "All right. By and bye you people will be looking for me, do you think I shall stay here?" Now the woman went to the shore, she went to get some clams. Her sister said: "What are you going to eat with the clams you are catching?" "Never mind, I shall eat them without anything, I have no taro to eat with them." She went into the sea,

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539 she went to wash in the passage (a cleft in the reef where the sea rolls in). She said: "Do you people think I am going to stay here so that you can see me all day here?" The man said: "My wife, what are you going to do?" The woman said: "Presently I shall do whatever I want to do." The woman went to wash in the passage, her leg came off and floated away. The man said: "What are you doing? You come ashore, and let us go home." "No, I don't want to go home, I want to stay here. All the time you people are cross with me. Do you think I shall come home by and bye? I won't come home. You people beat me all the time!" Now she stayed in the sea. Her joints came loose. Her sister said: "Come, let us two go home." The woman said: "No, I can't go, I am a fish now." The woman cried out: "Oh! Oh! Look! Look what is coming." Her head went down. Her husband swam, he went into the sea, he could not find her. He went and got some areca nuts, he sent them to all the villages.[10] The people of another village came. They made a feast. They all jumped up. They all went to the sea. Then one man swam, he looked for her, he looked and looked. "Oh! I have nearly got her now." Then another man swam, he caught hold of the woman's tail, she was a fish now. He pulled at the tail, it was caught in a stone. Then another man swam, he wanted to take hold of it, he tried to pull it out, but he could not. He could not get her. He hid on the shore, he said to all the people: "You go and look at the woman." They went and looked at her, they all pulled her out and took her to the village. Her husband told all the little boys to go and get coconuts and give them to all the men who had helped him. The fish was dead. The fish was a *tangini* (a fish commonly found on the reef, used as food.)

This story was told by Takel, a small boy, at Kurtatchi. There are several similar ones, differing in detail.

[203] [10] A branch of areca palm with nuts on it is often sent round with an invitation to a feast or a ceremony.

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The same motif is given by Thurnwald from Buin (p. 389) where the woman becomes a dugong. 539 [171]

Class VIII. Stories about the Spirits of the Dead.

The term used in all the stories included in this class is *mate* in the Petats dialect and *urar* in the Kurtatchi dialect. These words have the very definite meaning of the spirits of dead persons, which, according to the native belief, can return, can interfere in the affairs of living people, generally for evil, and can, if they so desire, make themselves visible to men, either in the guise of human beings or as spirits, recognisable as such by certain peculiarities of person, *e.g.* "their eyes are light." The belief in these spirits is very real and profound, and the fear of them is a predominating influence in every native's life. Stories involving them were told and listened to with much more than the usual seriousness, and were clearly not looked upon as mere flights of the imagination. The full discussion of this question belongs to a chapter on social anthropology rather than to a presentation of folk-tales, and I must content myself in the present paper with giving one example in illustration of this category. I have used the native term *urar* in order to steer clear of the ambiguity involved in the word "spirit." 538 775

The orphan looks for his mother.

(There was) a little child, his mother died. The child was very small, he could just walk. The men went to bury his mother, the child stayed behind. Then he followed the men who were carrying his mother. He went, he went, he went, he went, he came to the place belonging to the *urar*. He stopped at the edge of the water, he sat down. He saw a long stretch of sand, it was quite clear. He made a hole in the sand, big enough for himself. He went inside, he hid in the hole. He took some leaves, the leaves of the wild banana that grows in the bush, and covered up his head in 539

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539 the hole. But he did not cover up his eyes. Then he looked, and saw a line of *urar* coming, first there were all the little *urar*. They washed in the water, they went back. Then came a line of *urar* who were a little bigger, they washed in the water, they went back. The child did not see his mother among them. Then came a line of young women, their breasts were firm. They washed, they went back. Then there came another line, each of them carried one child. They were finished, then came a line carrying two children. They came and washed, they went back. Then came the line to which belonged the mother of the little child. The child recognised his mother in the line. He wanted his mother to leave the line. They went back, his mother was behind them. Her eyes could not see very well yet. (The teller here explained that this was because she had not been dead long, her eyes had not finished changing into the eyes of an *urar* yet.) She came on, the child ran and took hold of his mother's hand. His mother asked him: "What have you come for?" "Oh, I am so sad about you, mama." "No, you go back now, you go and die, then you will be the same as I am." The child begged: "It would be much better if I came with you." The mother said: "If you come with me now, what will you eat?" "I will eat the same food as you eat." "No, you can't eat the same food that I eat, the food here is another kind of food." The child begged and begged: "I don't mind if the food is no good." "All of us eat dung."

They both went now, to the place belonging to the *urar*. The child went with his mother. His mother did not show him to all the *urar*, she hid him well. They went, they stayed in the house. Night came. A line of *urar* went off to wash, another line of little ones went to sleep. All their bones went cr-r-r-r-r-r-r-ack. The child asked: "Mama, what is that noise?" His mother was angry, she said: "Oh, you mustn't ask that, that is the way we do in this place, you can't do it." Another line of *urar*, a little bigger

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came, they lay down, their bones went cr-r-r-r-r-ack. 539
Another line lay down, their bones went cr-r-r-r-r-ack. The child's mother wanted to go to sleep, the child lay down and put his head in her lap. The mother tried to send the child to sleep first. The child slept. The mother went to sleep, her skin came off, the child was lying against her bones. The child was cold in the night, he thought the light in his mother's eyes was fire. He seized hold of his mother's eye. His mother said: "What are you doing to my eye?" "I thought it was a fire." "This place has no fire." Then the mother said: "To-morrow I shall take you back home."

Dawn broke. The mother hid the child. The people of the village went to work, there was no one left in the village. The child's mother watched the people go, she hid. When they had all gone she brought the child to the village. The child ate some taro, he said: "Why don't you eat some taro?" "I am not the same as I was before, I am different now." Then the mother went back. The child cried: "Oh, let me come with you." His mother said: "No, you can't come with me. You must die first, you go back now. You can't come now because you are still alive." Then his mother went away. The child sat down in the house and cried: "Oh! Oh! my mother has gone away." His mother went back to the place of all the *urar*, the next day the child died.

This story was told by Sankuro, of Kurtatchi, a boy in his later teens, still wearing the *upi*. He said he had heard the old man telling it. The details about *urar* given in the tale correspond with those obtained from other informants when discussing the question of death without reference to the tales. [115]

Class IX. Stories about Pinari and Tukis.

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The beings with which the stories in this class are concerned occupy a place in the native scheme of things totally

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different from that of the spirits of Class VIII. They might perhaps be called " hobgoblins " because they seem to be regarded by the natives with much the same mixture of genuine fear and half-affectionate amusement as used to be, perhaps still is, felt by a rustic in some out-of-the-way corner of our own country for the " little people " inhabiting the neighbouring wood. However that may be, it is a very different feeling from the deep-seated terror which is aroused by the very mention of the word *urar*.

These beings are of two sorts. One group, known by the general name of Pinari, was described to me as being very long-legged, and having hair all over their bodies. They can be either male or female. On Buka the name is Tatopiok, but it seems to be thought of as belonging to an individual rather than to a group. The other beings, called Tukis on Bougainville and Tiukis or Tchiukis on Buka, are very tiny, and live in holes in the bush. Sometimes a story told of Pinari in one place will be attributed to Tukis in another, but there is clearly a distinction between them, since both will occasionally figure in the same tale, sometimes as enemies. To avoid confusion, I have retained the original terms in my translations.

These beings appear to correspond, more or less, to the Sakusaku of the Mono-Alu tales,[11] the Mara (" Waldkobold ") of Buin,[12] the Kakamora of San Cristoval,[13] and perhaps to the " Wild Men " described by Codrington.[14]

[11] G. Camden Wheeler, *Mono-Alu Folk-Lore*, p. 59, etc.

[12] R. Thurnwald, *Forschungen auf den Salomo-Inseln und dem Bismarck-Archipel*, (Berlin, 1912), p. 367, etc.

[13] C. E. Fox, *The Threshold of the Pacific*, (London, 1924), pp. 138 ff. Fox suggests that the Kakamora " may be the people who held the land before the Melanesians entered it, in very ancient times, and who are now extinct, or they may be the memories of other people from other islands whence the Melanesians came." He argues against Codrington's view that they represent the notions held by the coast people about the people of the interior.

[14] Codrington, *The Melanesians*, p. 354.

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Stories are recorded of the first three of these which are similar, in some cases almost identical, with some of those in which Pinari and Tukis are the protagonists. I did not come across anything comparable to the " Rere ni Mesi " described by Ivens[15] (Fox's " Masai "[16]).

There is a very large number of these tales in my collection, some of them very long and involved. Certain stock incidents tend to be repeated, in slightly differing contexts. From considerations of space, I have chosen a short, but quite typical one, to represent this category in the present paper.

Tukis outwitted by a child.

A child was cross, and he cried, and he went to sleep on the front verandah. All the people had come back from paddling their canoes, they were asleep inside the house. Tukis came and took the boy, took him verandah[17] and all. He went into the bush by night. The boy woke up and hung on to a creeper that was hanging from an *atchitch* tree (the tree on which grow the nuts whose kernels when ground make the " putty " used to seal up holes in canoes, etc.) Tukis went on, carrying the verandah without any boy on it. The boy climbed up the *atchitch*. Tukis went back, he wanted to find the boy and eat him. The boy took a putty-nut and threw it at him. Tukis said : " Darkness, darkness come."[18] The boy said : " Dawn, dawn, come

[15] Ivens, *Melanesians of the S.E. Solomons*, pp. 409 ff.

[16] Fox, p. 148.

[17] The word translated " verandah " (*poh*) is the narrow platform of split areca palm trunks or bamboos which is placed in front of a native house, and much used for sitting and lying upon. Women are not allowed to use it, they have their own " verandah " at the back (*babots*). In the story as given by Fox (*op. cit.* p. 142) it is a coconut sleeping mat on which the boy is carried off, but sleeping mats are not used in North Bougainville.

[18] These two formulæ occur in a great many of the Tukis stories. The result is always the same.

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531 quickly." The boy shot at him with putty nuts. Dawn came. Tukis ran away.

There are many versions of this story, both in my own collection and in those from other areas referred to in the preceding paragraph. Like most of the stories in this class, it seemed to be known to everyone in the village.

Class X. Miscellaneous.

538 This is a convenient heading under which to group certain tales which do not fall naturally into any of the previous categories. The one which follows is of interest because of the chanted song, a feature which is rare in my collection.

The Painted Lady.

539 The people paddled their canoes, they went to get packets of paint. They came back. They put the packets of paint up in the rafters.[19]

Two brothers went to catch fish, and came back, and saw something that looked like a woman cooking taro in the house, and they said: "Who is cooking taro? It is our grandmother, isn't it?" "You go and ask her. I think it was she who put the taro down" (in the embers to roast). But their grandmother said: "I have not put any taro down yet." Then they went back again to catch fish, and came back again, and again they saw something that looked like a woman, cooking taro, and they said again: "Who is that cooking taro? It *is* our grandmother who is cooking taro, isn't it?" "You go and ask her. She *has* put the taro down." But their grandmother said again: "No, I have not put any taro down yet." Then the big brother asked the little one: "Who has been chewing areca nut?" Then he sent the little brother, the little brother went and hid in the house, and the big brother went to catch fish, and came back.

[19] This is the usual storing-place for possessions of value.

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The woman went to the taro garden, and the little brother went behind the woman to the taro garden. He did not come up to the woman, he hid. The woman took her pack on her back, and went back to the house, and the boy went behind her. They went back, and the woman prepared a pot. Then the boy came up to her, and said: "Oh! You are my wife." Then the big brother came up, and the two brothers went off together, and the big brother said: "By and bye I shall marry that woman." "No, I don't like that, she belongs to me, I saw her first." 539

Then the three of them went and got a fishing net, and went fishing. The woman was crying, and the little brother asked her: "What is the matter?" She said: "Nothing, I am crying about my skin, I am afraid it will come off in the water, it is not strong yet. You two must catch a pig and give me some to eat, I am only paint, I am not strong yet."

Then the woman sang:

Eia ro tsinag, eia ro tamag, [533]
Tchenoto eia luma-a tche koreme,
Toa, toa.

This song is in a dialect different from that spoken at Kurtatchi, in which the rest of the tale was told. It resembles the dialect spoken on the coast of Buka. It was translated as follows: "Oh mother! Oh father! Presently the woman will stink in the house. Presently I shall disappear." It was sung very slowly, in a minor key, and repeated several times with obvious satisfaction.

The story was told by Nanep, one of the younger men. I have found no parallel to it, up to the present. [115]

The foregoing categories indicate the scope of my collection of folk-tales, with the omission of those few which involve the White Man, such as the coming of the first schooner or the natives' first experience of tobacco. I hope for some subsequent opportunity to publish more of these 538

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tales, in a form which will permit of a fuller discussion of the ethnological problems involved than has been possible in the present paper. It will, however, be clear, I think, that these tales from Buka and North Bougainville fall into line with those reported from other parts of the area known as Melanesia, being bound to them, even where their details differ, by what Halliday in his discussion of Greek folk-tales characterises as " a common tone or ἦθος, easier to discern than to describe."

BEATRICE BLACKWOOD.

REFERENCES (see map opposite).

X Locality of stories given in the accompanying paper.

1. " The Melanesians of British New Guinea," (chap. xxxiii., *The Southern Massim*). By C. G. Seligman. 1910.
2. *The Northern D'Entrecasteaux*. By D. Jenness and A. Ballantyne. 1920.
3. " Complex and Myth in Mother-right." By B. Malinowski. *Psyche*, vol. v., No. 3. Jan., 1925.
4. *Mythen und Erzählungen der Küsten-bewohner der Gazelle-Halbinsel (Neu Pommern)*. By P. Jos. Meier. 1909.
5. *Forschungen auf den Salomo-Inseln und dem Bismarck-Archipel*. Vol. i. *Lieder und Sagen aus Buin*. By R. Thurnwald. 1912.
6. *Mono-Alu Folk-Lore*. By G. Camden Wheeler. 1926.
7. *Melanesians of the S.E. Solomon Islands*. By W. Ivens. 1927.
8. *The Threshold of the Pacific*. By C. E. Fox. 1924.
9. *The Southern New Hebrides*. By C. B. Humphreys. 1926.

Variants of other stories in my collection are reported from the Admiralty Islands (*Mythen und Sagen der Admiralitäts Insulaner*, by P. Josef Meier. *Revue Internationale d'Ethnologie et de linguistique, Anthropos*, vol. ii. 1907) and from Fiji (" *Lau Islands, Fiji*," by A. M. Hocart, *Bishop Museum Bull.* No. 62, 1929).

SKETCH MAP OF MELANESIA, SHOWING LOCALITIES FROM WHICH PARALLELS ARE CITED.

PLATE I.

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